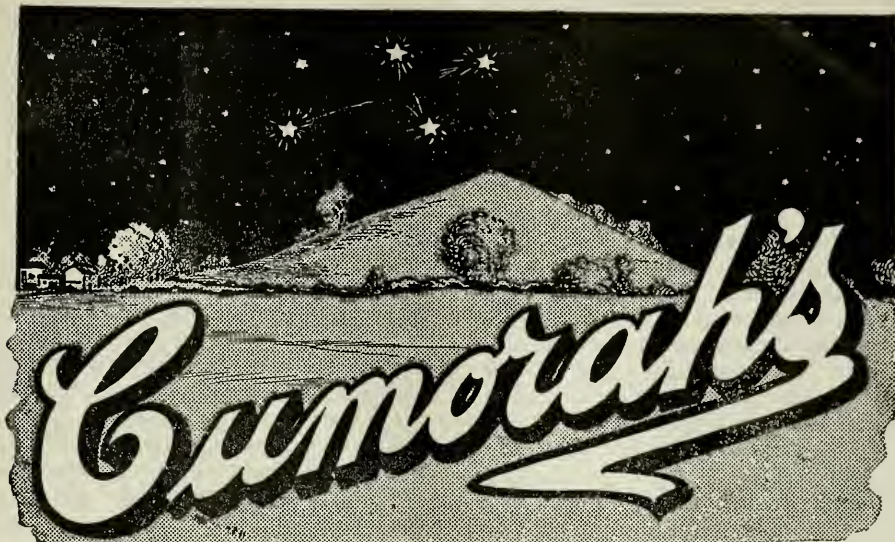




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How the Spirit of Christmas Came.

By Nephi Anderson.

Had the whole town deliberately planned to annoy Gilbert Hilman on that day before Christmas? He thought so, and he resented it.

It began early in the afternoon. Gilbert was in the yard, doing chores. Tom Mead, his nearest neighbour, came sauntering cross-lots, and, resting his arms on the top pole of the fence, began in that drawing way which always irritated Gilbert:

"Morning—seems as though we're going to have real Christmas weather, after all." The speaker looked up to the clouds on the hills which threatened snow. Gilbert was cutting a big slice from the haystack. He went on with his work without replying to his neighbour's "fool remark about the weather."

"Say, Gil," continued Tom, "my horse, Blackie, is lame. I can't find out what's the matter with him; an' its mighty awkward for me just now on account of the running about I have to do on these Christmas doings."

The knife went vigorously into the stack: Gilbert knew what was coming.

"I was just wondering if you had a horse to spare for a couple of hours."

"I've Old Bill—when do you want him?"

"This afternoon—I'll—"

"Well, come and get him when you want him. He's in the stable."

Gilbert disappeared in the cow-shed with a fork full of hay. The neighbour walked slowly back, whistling softly to keep his anger down and his courage up: Old Bill was a worn-out "plug" which, to sit behind, would disgrace such a discriminating horseman as Tom Mead.

Gilbert finished his feeding. As the snow was surely coming soon, he stopped at the wood-pile on his way back to the house, and gathered up an armful of wood which he carried to the shanty near the house and carefully stacked in a corner. Then he pulled off his heavy, soiled boots, slipped off his overalls and hung them with his cap on a nail. He washed

his face and hands, and gave a brush or two to his hair. When he went within, he left all barnyard sights and smells without. He cooked and ate his dinner; washed the dishes; then tidied up his room, which he did with the skill of an experienced housekeeper.

Replenishing the fire in his living room, Gilbert seated himself by the table with a book. Presently, a knock came on the door. Gilbert never said "Come in" without knowing whom he was bidding to enter; the neighbours' boots were usually very muddy. He opened the door. Two boys in sweaters and caps, each with a big basket, stood before him.

"We've come for Christmas donations," said one.

"Donations? What do you want?"

"Oh, anything—potatoes, or apples, or sugar—"

"Or money," added the other boy.

"Who's it for?"

"Why, for the poor, of course."

"The poor? Huh, are there any poor about here?"

"Well, not close about here, but out in Stringtown they say there are a lot."

"Well, what do you want? Will apples do?"

"We've got a lot of apples."

"An' apples are cheap, this year," again remarked the other boy.

"Apples are cheap, are they? Then, you'll get none from me. Have you any carrots?"

"No; but—"

"Then I'll give you some carrots—come on."

They went to the potato-pit in the yard, where the carrots were also kept. Gilbert filled the two baskets, stacking them nearly to the handle. The man actually chuckled with delight when he saw the rueful look on the boys' faces as they lugged away the heavy load.

"There you are," he said to them, "those are fine carrots, I tell you; and they'll go well with soup, you know."

When Gilbert got back to the house, the rural mail delivery man was at the door. He left quite a bundle of papers and magazines, and two letters. One of the letters was from the local Building Committee, reminding him that his donation to the Meeting-house fund was overdue. Would he kindly remit at once, as they were in need of money to pay for the new seats recently installed for

Christmas. Gilbert scowled as he read the letter. "What's the matter to-day?" he muttered; "horses, carrots, money—give, give! This Christmas business is the biggest graft of the year. Well, of course I'll pay, but they'll have to wait until January first." This was because of a matter of a little interest at the bank.

For an hour he read his book before he was again interrupted. Then there came a timid knock. Gilbert looked up and saw it was little Willie Stanger, who always wore rubbers, which he took off at the door.

"Come in, Willie," said Gilbert.

The boy came in, closed the door behind him, and stood silently with cap in hand.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked the man.

"I came to ask you for a little donation for Sunday School," began Willie in a timid voice.

"A donation? Why, I gave you a nickle some time ago for that purpose. How's this?"

"You see, this is special. The Sunday School's getting up an entertainment for the children to-morrow; and this is for the party."

"But I'm not going to the party, Willie. Let those who go pay for their fun." The man turned to his book again, but he watched the boy out of the corner of his eye. Willie was evidently struggling with something more which he should say.

"Sit down, Willie," suggested Gilbert.

"No, sir—I—I came because I thought you would like to give."

"Like to give? Do you like to give away your money?"

The question puzzled the boy for a moment. Then his face lighted as he said: "Yes, I do like to give away my money—that is, it's hard to at first, but when it's done, I feel so good afterward."

"Who sent you here, Willie? You're not one of the Committee."

"Oh, no; mother sent me. She said as how it is 'more blessed' to give than to receive. I don't quite understand that, but I guess it's true if mother says so. You, of course, understand that."

The boy seated himself. His own talking seemed to give him more courage. He went on, "Mother said as how you ought to have a chance to give to-day."

"She did, eh? Well, I'm having my chance. But why should I be picked out for this blessing?"

"Oh, you're not the only one—I've a lot more to call on; but you 'specially, for you see, you haven't anybody to give to—no father nor mother, no brother nor sister, no children—gee, you must be awful lonesome living here all by yourself."

Gilbert Hilman arose, poked the fire in the stove, then looked out of the window. The room was very still, and the silence seemed long to the little boy; but he was determined to stay until he got his nickel.

"Well?" at last inquired the collector.

"You're a sticker, aren't you. Here's your money. I'll make it two nickels, because, you know, Willie, I want to be twice blessed."

"Thank you, sir," said Willie as he passed out.

The short winter day closed suddenly with the coming of the storm. Gilbert had no more chores to do, so he drew down the blinds, prepared a simple supper, and after eating it in silence and alone as usual, he tried again to settle himself to a book. But that evening it was hard. To be alone on Christmas Eve is the most lonesome thing in all the world, and Gilbert Hilman was alone. On any other evening he could have gone out to some neighbour, or even to the big city not far away. He could have found company that would have welcomed him and made him forget; but on Christmas eve all the families of the earth gather round the altar of home, and intrusions are not welcome; and this was all the home he had. It was comfortable enough as a house, but it was only a bachelor's retreat, not a home. Since his parents had died, some ten years ago, he had devoted all his time to the business of the big farm which they had left him. And now he had money in the bank as well as credit if he wanted it, but he had gradually grown out of touch with his neighbours, and he seemed to live for himself alone. All his doings had become painfully mechanical. At times during this slow transformation, Gilbert had suffered from heart-hunger, as he was suffering that Christmas Eve. As far as he knew, not a man or a woman, chick or child within a hundred miles of him had one thought, pleasant or otherwise, for him. And with perhaps one painful exception, none but his sainted

mother occupied his mind. Willie Stanger had reminded him of his utter loneliness that very evening.

Everything was very still about Gilbert Hilman's house: neither cat nor dog found welcome there. He became restless. Should he go to bed? Presently, he heard voices. He snapped out the light, went to the window and opened it. The storm had ceased, leaving a light covering of snow over fields and hills. The man drank in the cool, crisp air. Was there still another committee coming for donations?

Two women came down the road and stopped at his gate. "I'll not go in," said one to the other, "I'll go down to the meetinghouse and wait for you. Why, there's no light. I believe he's gone to bed already—it's cheaper in bed than burning coal. Well, I wish you good luck."

Gilbert, overhearing this remark, was tempted to remain in the dark, but he thought better of that, and switched on the light again, just as Mrs. Constance Davies, president of the Ward Relief Society, stepped up to the door. Gilbert startled when he saw her: she was the last person he had expected to call on him. Seven years ago, when she had chosen George Davies and married him in preference to Gilbert Hilman, the latter had cut her and all associations with her and her class. George had died four years ago, but as far as Gilbert was concerned, the young Widow Davies was just Mrs. Davies to him. Gilbert stood so long in the doorway that the visitor at last asked:

"May I not come in?"

"Certainly, come in, Mrs. Davies."

She entered, and he placed a chair for her. He sat on the other side of the table, littered just now with books and papers. Mrs. Davies looked about her.

"You have it quite cozy here," she ventured.

"I am comfortable."

"I haven't seen you for a long time, Gil—excuse me, it seems odd to call you anything else; you haven't changed a bit, you know, the last five years."

"You think so?" Speech was always difficult for him, especially with women.

"You should go out more—you should go to meetings more—but I haven't come as a missionary. I have come to ask a favour."

"Yes."

"As you perhaps know, this is Christmas Eve."

"Yes; I have been reminded of it several times this afternoon."

"Our work on the Christmas Committee compels us to visit some poor families out on Stringtown. These, by some error, have been left to the last minute, but I can't see them neglected. I have come to ask you to help us."

"I? How can I help?"

"You can take us and our packages out there in your automobile."

The deed was done: Gilbert Hilman had been asked for the use of his automobile, that biggest, finest car which moved in shiny stateliness over the dusty roads of the village with Gilbert as the driver and sole occupant. Mrs. Davies had been laughed at when she said she was going to get Gil Hilman to take them to Stringtown in his car; but that young man was not laughing. He sat very quiet, with a strange expression on his face.

"We have no other way of going, unless we walk. She laughed quietly in her old way which he remembered so well now. "I hope it is not asking too much," she continued.

"I never take it out at nights and on bad roads," he said.

"But the sky is clearing, and the roads are not bad—and, and, besides it's Christmas Eve.

"What difference does that make?"

"Well, we ought to be willing to do things at this season of the year which we might not want to do at other times—good things, of course."

"Why should we do things we do not want to do?"

"Because it's good for us—it's good training."

"Do you ever do things you do not like?" he asked somewhat sharply.

"Yes—I do."

"What, for instance?"

The smile vanished from the face of the woman; then, as if with a struggle, she brought it back again. There was a moment's silence. Then she said:

"Coming here and asking for your automobile."

"You didn't like to." He tapped the table nervously with his fingers. "You surely are outspoken, Mrs. Davies."

"I can be with you, I am sure. We understand each other pretty well. Be-

sides, you asked me a pointed question, which I answered."

"Well, as you say, doing what you don't like to do is good for me. Now, suppose you should leave without getting what you came for. You wouldn't like that."

"No; of course not."

"Then, according to your own philosophy, that would be good for you," he said somewhat exultingly.

"I'm not thinking of what is good for me, Gil," she answered in a gentle tone. "And let me tell you further, you are mistaken in thinking it would be difficult for me to leave without getting what I came for. I'm doing the *hard* thing right now—this remaining here when I am not wanted—that's hard, but I am consistent with my philosophy yet."

"And you are persistent, too," he added in a somewhat more pleasant mood.

"And I'm not greedy, either, Gil. If there's a blessing from doing a hard thing, I want to share it with you. If it's as hard for you to help me in this matter as it is for me to ask you, why then we both have something handsome coming to us."

Even though Gilbert Hilman was a "confirmed bachelor" he was a good deal of a man at heart. At this stage of the conversation, his mind went through a rapid process of readjustment. He arose.

"I hope you will pardon me," he said. "I am at your service. Where are your packages?"

"At the meetinghouse."

"You remain here. I'll drive up to the door, so you need not get out in the snow."

In a few minutes the big auto. wheeled out of the yard and down to the meetinghouse. Bundles were lifted in and Mary Hill also climbed into the back seat with Mrs. Davies. Then they sped along the road to Stringtown.

"How in the world did you do it?" whispered Mary.

"Easily."

Gilbert said but little, but Mrs. Davies kept up a stream of small talk. She was pleased with her success—pleased that she had "shaken Gilbert Hilman loose." An automobile brings one to one's destination in a surprisingly short time, and before the ladies were aware, they were at Stringtown.

For some time they delivered packages. The driver sat in his auto., while the ladies went into the houses with their presents. The storm clouds cleared, and the moon came out bright. The world looked Christmas-like to suit the most exacting.

Many of the poorer people lived in Stringtown. Gilbert himself, when a boy, had lived in just such a locality. He could not help thinking of those times as he sat waiting for his passengers.

"There is just one more," explained Mrs. Davies, "the Wills children. I doubt whether the drunken father is at home, but he might be." A small shack of a house down the road was indicated, and in a few moments they stopped in front of it. No light shone out of the windows.

"They've gone to bed," suggested Mary.

"They're not celebrating, at least," said Mrs. Davies. "Mr. Hilman, you'll have to go in with us here. The father is a bad man, and he might be home."

"All right. Where's their bundle?"

"We haven't much left; but we can't miss them altogether."

The callers knocked on the door. There was no response, so they knocked again. Then a boy's voice called, "Who is it?"

"We're Christmas callers. Is that you, Frank?"

"Yes."

"Is your father at home?"

"No; he isn't."

"Then let us in. We've something for you."

The boy could be heard climbing out of bed. Presently, there was a light, and then the door opened. The visitors walked in.

By the dim lamp-light the room was partly revealed. The floor was of rough, bare boards; the walls were grimy with soot; a rude table, three rickety chairs; a rusty cook stove, behind which stood a big box filled with sage-brush, chopped to the proper stove lengths. Sage-brush leaves and twigs littered the floor by the stove, a strong sage-brush odour filled the room.

The boy, Frank, retreated to the corner where he had hastily climbed out of his bed. In an opposite corner there was another bed, on which two children were asleep.

"Don't wake the children," admon-

ished Mrs. Davies. "Has Santa Claus been here yet?"

"No; there ain't no Santa Claus," replied Frank.

"Oh, but there is—we'll show you. Are those the children's stockings?"

Two pair of ragged stockings hung dangling on a string by the stove. They bulged as if Santa Claus had certainly been there with a lot of presents. As Mary and Mrs. Davies went to examine, the boy grinned.

Gilbert Hilman at first stood by the door, looking about him, in a strange way. Boyhood memories rushed to him and seemed to swamp him. He had to sit down on one of the chairs. In just such a room he had lived when a boy—just as bare and as comfortless, but not so dirty. And the pungent smell of sage-brush—that brought him back to those hard childhood days when he had to grub the brush from the hills and bring it to the house, there to chop it into lengths and carry it into just such a big box; and it took a big box to hold a small lot of the light wood. How poor they had been in those days, and how the father and the mother had toiled! He looked in the corner where the children lay. There was the straw tick and the patched quilt, the quilt which his mother had made from cast-off clothing. How heavy it had been! but it was warm, and he liked to cuddle under it on cold winter nights, for the sage-brush fire soon went out.

The two women were feeling the stockings. "I thought you said Santa Claus hadn't been here," said Mrs. Davies.

"He ain't."

"Then what's this?" Instead of an apple, a potato was taken out of the stocking; then a lump of coal, and then a piece of sage-brush.

"Frank, Frank Wills, who have you been doing?"

The boy only grinned somewhat sheepishly.

"Did you do that?"

Frank nodded.

"Shame on you."

"They, the kids, would hang up their stockin's, an' that's all I had."

Mary went to the sleeping children, a little girl and a smaller boy. Despite rags and dirt, the dim lamp-light revealed a picture of innocent, childish beauty.

Gilbert looked at them. Was the little girl dreaming of a doll to be found in

her stocking, in the morning, and the little boy a bag of candy? Something gripped the man's heart as if it would be crushed. He was living again just such a poverty-stricken home by such a rusty stove, he had also hung up his stockings in anticipation of Santa' Claus' visit. He had crawled under his quilt early, and had gone to sleep. The father and the mother, lacking in the understanding of children as well as in the power to provide gifts, had permitted his older brother to stuff his stockings full of coal and potatoes. And so the next morning when he had awakened and seen his stockings bulging, he had leaped from his bed, and with a cry of delight had dragged them back into bed again. Then—oh, then, the bitter disappointment! How he had sobbed out his heart all by himself that cold, gray Christmas morning! As he looked back over the years since then, he could recall no suffering that had been quite so keen as that.

The man walked softly over to the bed where the children lay sleeping soundly. He reached out his hand and gently stroked the little girl's tousled head. Then it was that the man's heart melted within him, and the spirit of Christmas, which had been lost for many years, came back to him and gave him its sweetest benediction. He turned to Mrs. Davies who noted the change in his face.

"Have you a doll for the little girl?" he asked.

"No; we haven't."

"Any toy for the boy?"

"No; just some candy and apples."

"Listen: the girl *must* have a doll and the boy a trumpet and a train—that's what I wanted. They shall not wake to the misery which I once did,—not if I can help it—and I can." He looked at his watch. "I'm going to town. Will you go with me or stay here? I'll not be long."

The two women said they would remain.

He went out, and in a moment the automobile was chugging down the road. In thirty minutes he was back with doll, train, trumpet, and a big bag of nuts. They stuffed the stockings nearly to bursting, not forgetting the short, ragged ones belonging to the wide-awake, grinning Frank. The doll could just get her dainty feet in the top of the little girl's stocking, while the locomotive of the train could only poke its nose into the boy's. The two young women looked in wonder at Gilbert Hilman working as swiftly and as eagerly as any Christmas Committeeman. When they were through, Gilbert looked about the place with a strange expression in his face.

"Let us go," he said.

"Good-night, Frank. Be good to the children, we'll come and see you again. A merry Christmas!"

And this is how the Spirit of Christmas came back to Gilbert Hilman. What more came back to him, beginning from that Christmas Eve, is quite another story.

What Age Santa Claus?

White whiskers and white hair are usually a part of the makeup of Santa Claus, but in reality he is of all ages and—strange to say—of both sexes. I sometimes wonder why Mrs. Santa Claus is not found more frequently in our lore. The only reason I can find for her omission is that she—wonderful mothers of the world—made Santa Claus for us, and with the adroit manipulations for which she is famous, made us love him with all our hearts.

A mother recently told me an interesting story of a youthful Santa Claus.

Vern was a boy of eleven, but he became Santa to a spinster lady of fifty-five—and

a mighty wise Santa, too; much wiser than many a one of the white-whiskered type.

He said to his mother one-day last year: "Mother, Miss Lander is all alone. She hasn't a soul to make fires for her, or carry in her coal, or do anything at all, and, Mother, I think she needs a good warm wrap when she gets up in the morning."

Now this mother was of the Santa Claus-making variety. She smiled sweetly at the little Santa Claus-in-the-making, but she said never a word.

"Well," Vern went on, "I've decided to get her a Christmas present."

The mother listened. It is good sometimes just to listen to these men-growing-up.

"I am going to get her a bath robe—one like yours that's good and warm, so when she gets up in the morning in her cold house, she can slip into it and stay in it 'til she gets her fire started."

"And how will you get this bath robe?" the mother asked.

"I'll sell papers from now 'til Christmas—that ought to do it."

It did.

He hoarded his money like a young Midas.

Then one day carpenters came into Vern's vicinity to build a house. He saw the pieces of boards, the broken shingles and lath—odds and ends of lumber—and they gave him another idea. He went to the builder and asked if he might gather some of the smaller pieces to take over to Miss Lander to be used as kindling. The builder was willing, and soon Miss Lander had the finest pile of wood that had been stacked in her coal house in years.

On Christmas Eve, Vern, beautiful, warm bathrobe under his arm, went over to Miss Lander's. The good lady was overjoyed.

"I'll treasure it," said she, the tears streaming down her cheeks and falling upon the robe which was pressed against her face.

"You're to wear it, not treasure it," said the Santa Claus-growing-up, stoutly. "I'll come over every morning to see if you have it on."

Vern has set a good example for Santas of all ages—Pagan or Christian, old or young.

This is a year of more or less distress. People who can afford to buy should buy, of course, but perhaps they should buy a bit more wisely than they have ever done before.

Fathers and mothers who are tempted to shower their own children with worthless gim-cracks and, in some cases, annoying and even dangerous toys of various types merely to see that Christmas morning-glow in Fawn's or Freddie's faces, should remember that just around the corner somewhere there may be a father and mother who can't even buy a tin whistle; in fact, who may be short the actual necessities of life.

On Christmas morning the homes of people will declare the ages of the Santa Clauses living therein. If the best room, in the light of the Christmas globes at 5 a.m., is filled to the brim with expensive toys and Christmas cheer, while around the corner there is a home wherein there is despair for the want of necessities, then that room will deny the Christianity of its inmates. If, in a home, the Christmas lights shine upon gifts of usefulness, or even if there are no lights to shine at all upon the meagre offerings of loving souls, and somewhere there is another home a little happier, a little less squalid, a little more comfortable because of the good offices of a sympathetic Santa Claus—a neighbour—one may know that that Santa Claus belongs to the Christian age, and that the Master loves him and will visit him.

—H. R. M.

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"We Have Seen His Star"

By Grace Zenor Pratt.

A Star—

Bright in the evening sky,
High over Judah's hills—
Flocks were at rest,
The springtime sweet
Had scattered her blossoms
'Mid the green grasses
There at their feet.

A Star—

Bright in the evening hush—
While shepherds watched;
Strange did they feel,
Yet knew not why—
Yet knew not why—
At this hushed, deep peace,
Foreshadowing things—
The mystery of the sky.

A Song—

In the midst of light;
Bowed low their heads,
For angels sang
Of the birth of a king.
And the way he must go—
Music that trembled into space,
A song of angels—
Glory—grace—;
The hills awoke,
And streams were strayed;
The night stood still!
In triumph sang

The Heavenly Choir—
While shepherds stood
Amazed—afraid—
In the light—
—Of a Star.

The Quest—

Wise men from lands afar,
Travelled by night and day
O'er rugged hills
And valleys wild—
Till they came to Bethlehem,
Weary—to end their quest;
And over the place
Where the baby lay,
They saw the Star—

In the stable
Where clean, mown hay
Cradled a Saviour,
The Wise Men came
With trailing garments
Of brodered fold;
Kneeling, they offered
Their gifts of gold—
Of frankincense and of myrrh—
And Mary—the Mother—
Did she not feel—
That joy had come to her?

A King—

And shepherds came,
They worshipped
The baby King,
There in the stall;
While still the echoes
Of heavenly song
Filled the valleys
And touched the hills;
The gates of heaven
Were still ajar
To hail the Lord of all.
A Star—A Song;
In Mary's heart
The song lived on,
She had cradled a King
In her arms;
She had loved a child,
Had suffered and wept;
She had crept from the Valley so dark
By the light—

Of a Star.

Trembling at world's alarms,
Dangers which threatened
Her baby's way—
But the years passed by—
As years must pass—

To a latter day.

The Cross—

The Song grew dim,
Men scoffed because
His ways were strange;
When he showed the way
To better things
. They crucified Him.

O Mary, the Star still shines,
Though a cross is dark
Against the sky;
He lives we know!
On Bethlehem's hills,
In the town close by,
To-night—we have seen the Star,
And have heard the Song;
Wise Men pass by
In silence—kneel once more,
Offering gifts and love
Unto Thee. From afar—
By the light of a Star—
Worshipping Him.

— □ □ —

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The one day of the year which unites all hearts and appeals most strongly to young and old alike, is Christmas. The feeling of good fellowship prevails and all Christians rejoice in the gift of "The world's greatest Life which was given to the whole world."

The name Christmas is derived from the mass of Christ, performed in the Catholic Church to honour the birth of Christ. There are so many different customs and celebrations in the different nations to commemorate the wonderful event. The story of the Christmas tree is one of the sweetest ever told. It was St. Boniface who carried the gospel of Christ to the Pagan tribes of Germany. The people had assembled around a rolling hill on the summit of which stood a great oak tree. The Thunder Oak, as it was called, sacred to Thor. It was a night in mid-winter and the sacrificial fire had already been kindled near the altar where stood the high priest and before him was a kneeling child, the victim doomed to die by a blow from the hammer. It was then that Boniface appeared and the blow of the hammer was turned aside by the cross, the boy was rescued and the oak tree fell before the mighty blows of the apostle who afterward told

them the story of Jesus and that it was sin, not human life, which He demanded as a sacrifice. "And here," said Boniface as his eyes fell on a young fir tree, standing straight and green with its top pointing toward the stars, amid the ruins of the fallen oak, "here is the living tree with no stain of blood upon it, this shall be the sign of your worship. See how it points to the sky. Let us call it the tree of the Christ Child. Take it up and carry it to the chieftain's hall, for this shall be the birth night of the White Christ. You shall go no more into the shadow of the forest to keep your feasts with secret rites of shame. You shall keep them at home with laughter and song and rites of love. So it is said: "The hour of darkness, the power of winter of sacrifice and mighty fear fled before the glad radiance of redeeming love, and the Pagan oak whose roots were fed with blood, fell before the fir tree which points to the stars."

Christmas should be a home or family day where we share our love with each other and enter into true joy and remember that the best kind of Christmas giving is true Christmas living.

To the readers of *Cumorah's Southern Messenger*: May Christmas Day bring a joy in living and may that same joy carry over into the New Year. Wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Joyful New Year.—B.

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Christmas and New Year's Greetings from President and Sister Dalton and Family.

122, East Truman Avenue,
Salt Lake City, Utah,
12th November, 1935.

To President and Sister Backman
and family, Elders, members and
Friends of the South African Mission.

Sister Dalton and our little boys join with me in wishing each one of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

It is very lonesome for us to be without your sweet associations and at times we all find ourselves very homesick for dear South Africa and you all. We live in fond retrospection and count our happy days with you, almost one by one.

It seems utterly impossible for me to

get to letter writing, but even though I do not write to each of you, I hope you will still preserve in your hearts the confidence in me to the extent that I often think of you and feel also a kindred thought from you.

We are getting on nicely and are both engaged in work in the Church. Sister Dalton is a member of Wells Stake Relief Society Board and I am a member of the Stake High Council of twelve members. Only once have we attended meeting in our own ward since returning home. Every other Sunday night we are out to some ward to tell them about you and the missionary work. At present I find my diary book shows a booking for many Sundays in the future. The people like to hear about South Africa.

Our trip around the world was very interesting. We visited many nations on an educational pursuit and it was well worth the time and money. We surely wished you could have all been with us.

It is inspiring to note the good work you are doing and my earnest hope is, that it will continue with great strides and that that mission will have greater growth than ever before, and I believe it will be so.

With much love to each one and assuring you of our confidence and esteem and praying the Lord to bless you.

We are,

Sincerely your gospel brother,
and sister,

Don Mack and Geneve Dalton.

— □ □ —

The Shattered Mirror

By Blanche Stockdale Burr.

Hozo was a Navajo maid with much of the Navajo superstition in her. All of us, perhaps, do a little mirror shattering occasionally.

The beads on Mrs. Moore's dressing table were as red and as round as the sun when it set out in the painted desert, Hozo, the Navajo girl, thought. She wanted them immensely. Her first impulse was to snatch them and hide them quickly in her pocket. But she knew that would be stealing, for they were Mrs. Moore's beads.

Then there was something else that stood between her and the beads—a picture that was an ideal painted deeply in her memory—the vision of a beautiful

building with walls tall and white as the sandstone cliffs of the painted desert. For the past year Hozo had been trying to live so that she would be worthy to enter inside this house and she knew that the theft of the beads would render her ineligible.

Nearly every afternoon, she would climb into her father's rattly old cart when he hauled boxes of oranges and grapefruit from Mr. Moore's ranch east of Mesa, Arizona, to a dealer south of town and would ride past this building, which was the Mesa temple. She always gazed at it wonderingly, worship in her eyes, and longed for the time when she and her family would have the privilege of going through to be sealed to each other. Always when she saw it her beauty-loving soul craved for the skill of her grandmother who wove rugs of exquisite design outside her hogan in the painted desert. Hozo wanted to weave a blanket with the temple as a design. She could vision the completed rug to the minutest detail, the temple motif repeated again and again throughout the blanket, its tall marble walls dead white against the red and blue background of sunset skies, the tall, Italian cypress trees which surrounded it pointing like slim green fingers high into the heavens.

Hozo's whole family were employed by the Moores to do the work on the ranch. Mrs. Moore had been labouring with them, trying to make them understand the principles of the gospel. Every morning and evening they came to her home to join in the family prayers and at that time Mrs. Moore would explain to them some part of her religion.

The Indian family were already eager to join the Church, but Mrs. Moore could see that their primitive minds had not yet comprehended its full meaning. She knew that the faith they gave the elders who came to administer to Hozo's mother when she was sick would be as willingly given to the medicine man who performed magic out in the painted desert. She could see in Hozo's worship of the temple the pantheistic or nature-worshipping religion of her forefathers and realized that were Hozo in the desert she would manifest equally as much reverence for the sandstone cliffs. So she was leading them by slow degrees from the worship of their ancestors to this new religion which held such great promises for their race.

But Hozo, much as she wanted to go inside the chaste white temple, still felt the lure of the beads. Each one was like a glowing sun and seemed to burn itself deep into her desire. Almost before she knew it she had grabbed them, put them into her pocket and had run out to the hut where they lived on the edge of the ranch.

Her father had the cart packed with fruit and the ponies hitched to it ready for immediate departure. Without a word she climbed into the cart and sat on the floor beside the boxes of fruit. Her father took the driver's seat and started the ponies. A few moments later Hozo was riding creakily into Mesa, a silent, stolid little figure bumping along in a rattly old cart, her fingers clutching the big round beads in her pocket.

She hoped her father would not drive by the temple that day, for she knew that she would not dare even gaze upon it, unworthy as she was, but unerringly he headed for it. Though she sat with head bowed, eyes cast on the floor of the cart, she knew just when they were passing it. Through the corner of her lowered lids she saw dimly each white pillar with its Grecian urn at the top and each iron picket of the tall fence that enclosed the grounds. She knew just when they had come to the rectangular lake that lay in front of the temple, and though she did not have the courage to look up at the building itself she felt as though she must at least see its reflection in the lake, which usually was a perfect mirror. Always placid, one could see the glorious image inverted in the blue, blue water, the tall cypress trees which overtowered the temple outlined clear-cut as pencils. Always in the lake the sky looked much bluer than the real sky overhead.

But to-day when Hozo peered into the lake she was filled with horror. Her mirror had been shattered. Instead of the perfect reflection she had expected to see, the waters were gray and sullied and showed nothing of the temple towering above it. Even now she dared not look back at it as they jolted past and her mind filled with a thousand superstitious fears. What if the temple had disappeared too!

It was all on account of the beads. They seemed to burn in her pocket like balls of fire. She could hardly wait to return them to Mrs. Moore. Never, never would she steal again.

Her father drove her home by a different road, so she had no chance of finding out whether or not the temple had really vanished. But she would know tomorrow, for they would be by with more fruit. All that Hozo could do about it was to plan how she was to give back the beads and hope that on the following day she would find the temple where it belonged.

That night Jerry, one of the gardeners at the temple, arose from his bed where he had been sick all day and journeyed shakily over to the temple grounds to see what had happened there during his enforced neglect of duty. All was well except that the sweet-peas needed wiring—and something was wrong with the lake. Someone had muddled up the water.

To-morrow afternoon a busload of people were coming over from Los Angeles to spend a week working in the temple. The grounds must look their best for the visitors. He would feel able to work by morning. He would clean out the lake and put some bluing in it to emphasize the reflections of the temple. A touch of colour in the water certainly did transform that lake into a mirror.

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Mission News

CAPE DISTRICT.

Elder John J. Bates, District President,
"Cumorah," Main Road, Mowbray.

Meetings held at above address, Sundays, 10.30 a.m. and 7.0 p.m.; Mutual, Tuesdays, 7.45 p.m.; Relief Society and Priesthood Meeting, Thursdays, 7.45 p.m.

Social Held.

An impressive skit by the Gleaner Girls, under the capable supervision of Sisters Goodrich and Fourie, songs by the Minute Men, games, jokes and dancing marked the closing social of the auxiliaries for the current year. An unusually large crowd was in attendance for a most enjoyable evening of festivi-

ties, including the dancing of the "Virginia Reel." With this activity the auxiliaries closed for the present year, but will re-open early in the fall of next year. The officers of the organizations have been faithful and diligent in these auxiliaries. Throughout the year the programme for the spiritual, intellectual and physical development of the young people has been kept in mind and carried out. Numerous parties have been staged, plays given, and other activities indulged in for the interest and betterment of those in these organizations. We take this medium for thanking all those who have so ably contributed to make the 1935 Mutual Improvement Association, Relief Society and Priesthood work such a commendable success.

Laid to rest.

Brother J. D. Kuun "passed away," 11th November, at his home in Robertson. The end came as a result of a prolonged illness during which time he was constantly confined to his bed. No doubt, the "passing" came as a welcome relief from suffering. For the past fifty-four years he has been active and vigorous. He leaves a fine wife and family, as well as a host of loving and respecting friends.

New one arrives.

A new baby girl arrived at the Cecil Harris home on the 26th of last month. Elder Clarkson blessed the little one shortly after its birth and it was given the cute name of Megan Pearl.

Many happy returns of the day.

Nonchalantly Mr. Seager sank down in his large velour armchair, sighed, and said "Well, I only want to live one hundred years longer. If I feel like I do to-night I'll make it too." It was 21st November and the occasion was his birthday. During the course of the evening most of his relatives and children arrived. Among the guests were Elders Bates,

FINAL WARNING ! !

The curtain drops for the last time

Monday Night at Cumorah, 30th December, 1935, at 8.30 p.m.

on

"ONE NIGHT OF LAUGH"

It will be your LAST CHANCE to hear the

CUMORAH MINUTE MEN in their American Negro Minstrel

Proceeds for Cumorah Baseball Club

Admission, 1/-

Clarkson, Durham, Marsh and Parkinson. It was a beautiful summer evening and a jolly, "happy go lucky" group were assembled. After introductions the festivities commenced which consisted of games, songs and jokes. A fitting climax was the serving of delicious fruit salad, fancy cookies, and birthday cake to the twenty-five hungry mouths. Anyway, here's wishing you, Mr. Seager and family, success, health and happiness. Thanks for the good time.

Musical evenings abound.

Two delightfully entertaining musical evenings have been held during the past month at Mr. and Mrs. Taylor's in Sea Point. The lucky participators were Elders Marsh, Bates and Badger. They are mighty likeable friends and we take this opportunity of assuring them that their associations and kindness are appreciated.

Primary closes.

Sister Fourie, one of the most conscientious little women in the Church, closed the Primary season with a well planned party for her jolly little group. All the children of Primary age, including the "tiny tots" assembled at her home in Woodstock, 28th November, where they enjoyed games, food and stories. Everyone had the time of their lives, in an afternoon of gaiety. The children and the leader eagerly anticipate the new year, when the work will be renewed with added zest and vigour. Sister Fourie, we compliment you for your integrity and service.

Woodstock celebration.

"Wanted four elders for dinner."

During the afternoon of the day of 4th December, the above sign was held out at the Swart home in Woodstock. Fifteen minutes later Elders Bates, Durham, Smith and Shumway answered the call, where one of those good old home meals was piping hot. It is said that the quickest way to a man's heart is through his stomach. At least it is one way, for all the Elders came back with the most favourable reports about the Swarts', and for days we heard nothing but praise for the meal at Woodstock. A short meeting was held after. We'll be on the look-out for the next time the sign is hung out.

Thanksgiving.

The annual American national holiday, Thanksgiving Day, was celebrated at "Cumorah" on 28th November. The usual customs is to have a big meal and express gratitude to God for his bounteous blessings. In keeping with the occasion we had a big dinner, invited some friends in and it was a day of true thanksgiving to Our Maker for the blessings which the past year had brought. All the dinner lacked was cranberry sauce, celery and pimento cheese, and "punkin" pie.

Mission tour ends.

All those at "Cumorah" were at the railway station in Cape Town on the morning of 3rd December. We eagerly thrust our "tickies" into the slot, obtained our platform tickets and crowded out on the platform. Shortly afterwards the Johannesburg train steamed into the station and we saw three figures almost hanging out of the car, apparently looking for someone. On closer investigation we found it to be President Backman, Sister Backman and Sister Margaret Park, who were returning from a tour of the mission. Boy, it was glad to see them and to feel their steadying hand in the affairs. They had only been away a month, but it seemed ages. The tour was most successful and encouraging. The condition of the branches is very bright and we can look forward to 1936 with the most enthusiastic prospects for the most successful year of the Mission in this beautiful land.

Branches visited.

Early on the morning of 1st December, Elders Sorenson and Parkinson left Mowbray for Paarl. There they visited the branch members. Conditions in the Paarl branch are ideal. Though the numbers are small they carry on in remarkable fashion and the spirit is marvellous. Continuing from there they journeyed to Robertson. Meetings were held there with the Saints. A sweet spirit exists there, co-operation and brotherly love abound and the Church has a small but flourishing branch there. Sister King and Brother Johannes Stemmet are to be complimented for the spirit they manifest and the love and testimonies they have of the work. The next day the Eerste River and Van der Stel branches were visited. Throughout all the branches the Saints are well, happy and with remark-

able interest, love and testimonies for the Church. All have become more convinced of the truth through the events of the past year. Practically all of them can recall and thank their Heavenly Father for the past blessings. And it is with a great amount of confidence and enthusiasm that they face the new year, aiming to dig in and make '36 the Banner year.

Baby blessed.

Little Jeanetta Johanna Petronella, young daughter of Sister Ella Crouse Petronella, of Robertson, was blessed by Elder Parkinson, at the Crouse residence, while on the tour of the branches with Elder Sorenson.

A guest at "Cumorah."

One Friday evening a friend to "Cumorah" from Piquetburg came with her little daughter, Valerie, as a guest of the week-end. Three days later this same lady and daughter, Mrs. Beckbessenger and Valerie left. You would have thought that one of the family was leaving for in that short time they had won their way into our hearts and it seemed like we had known them for years. In short, that is how our "Cumorah" spirit works. We have enjoyed these sweet personalities, our lives have been brightened by them, and we only hope they enjoyed their holiday as thoroughly as we enjoyed having them as our visitors. Plan another holiday soon, Mrs. Beckbessenger and bring your mother.

Elders at Burgers'.

Elders Bates and Durham were again the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Burger, of Rosebank, at their home on the evening of 11th December. Friends were invited in and a delightful social evening ensued. Refreshments finished the night off in a blaze of glory.

Baseballers win.

Our baseball team has been chalking up some very decisive wins over our strongest competitors since the defeat at the hands of Nomads. Since the Nomad game, we have shifted the lineup, practised and improved steadily. The climaxes came when we took Cardinals 14 to 5 and then we avenged our previous licking by trouncing Nomads 18 to 5 last week at Rosebank. All the fans note a steady improvement in our play and also

that we have an exceptionally fine team spirit on the field. A quotation from the *Argus* says "There is a fine spirit about this Mormon side and one that does the game good."

We only hope that this fine sportsmanship can continue. We deem it a great privilege to play against such a fine type of gentlemen as predominate the various South African teams. It is a pleasure to have friendships with such high type players and only hope that the future holds many more interesting games.

Conference successful.

Our Cape District Conference, held 8th December, was truly a spiritual feast. During the entire four sessions the spirit was wonderfully manifested and the programmes were especially interesting and educational. One could not have attended the sessions without feeling that if he used the counsel and advice that he would be strengthened and better able to meet life's numerous problems more successfully.

There was an unusually large attendance accruing from the fact that practically all our branches were well represented. Many of the Saints travelled a good distance, but certainly account it time well spent. There was a fine spirit of love and brotherly kindness manifested. Co-operation was wholehearted and if only such a condition could be had each day, nothing would be impossible.

The Sunday School session programme consisted of well planned and directed skits and talks by the children. The afternoon session was under the auspices of the Priesthood and Relief Society. Short talks were made from several of the Saints holding the Priesthood and those in charge of the women's relief work. The various talks and testimonies were faith-promoting and helped to further cement one's convictions concerning the truths.

The high lights of the conference was the evening session. Elder Bates and President Backman gave some masterful discourses for the guidance of the Saints. The Cumorah Chorus rendered some beautiful songs and then the Genealogical Pageant was staged. It was very impressive and did much to impress those in attendance of the importance of this latter day work.

The universal opinion was to the effect that this was the most successful con-

ference in the history of the Cape District. For two and one half hours the crowd of 135 persons sat spell bound. After the meeting several said they had never had an evening pass so rapidly in all their lives. That alone speaks well of the services.

1935 and 1936.

During the past year we have been mightily blessed. Throughtout the year we have been healthy, happy and enjoyed the blessings of the Lord in great abundance. The past twelve month period has been one of unusual activity in acquainting outsiders with our message. New ideas have been employed in the work, new schemes have been thought of to better promulgate this latter-day message. We have enjoyed the gift of a fine, sweet, sincere President and wife. Both are diligent workers, strong in the faith and desirous of making the greatest progress. Also we have been fortunate in having ten or twelve new elders come to South Africa. In addition, all of us have had a great many individual blessings. A solid stone foundation has been made upon which we can securely build in the future. The first stones have been carefully laid and tied in place. Everything points the way to the greatest year in the history of South Africa. Let us co-operate and make it a really BANNER YEAR in 1936. We can with your support. Let us all make the following pledge:—

Yes, I will help make 1936 the greatest year in the history of the L.D.S. Church in South Africa, by co-operating in every particular to what the various Church officers plan. I know I am happier when I am in the service of God, and I'll gladly put my shoulder to the wheel of progress and do my part.

Yours for a greater '36,

Signed—

Members of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day
Saints in the land of South
Africa.

PORT ELIZABETH.

**Elder R. K. F. Doller, Branch President,
Bushy Park, 23, Quoit St., Port Elizabeth.**

Services held at Forresters' Hall, Palm Street, Sundays, 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

The closing social for all the auxiliaries was held 20th November. A fine crowd attended and indulged in merriment, consisting of games and songs. After, a tasty lunch was served to all present.

On 1st December, the first meeting was held in the new Forresters' Hall, Palm Street, Port Elizabeth. Since then the Saints have responded more readily to the services. If anyone would just put forth a little extra effort during the coming year, we could make our little branch livelier and more interesting for all. Let us pep things up, by doing your part.

Sister C. Russell has the best wishes of all the Saints in Port Elizabeth for a most enjoyable holiday at East London.

We take this opportunity of wishing all the Saints in this district a Very Merry Christmas and a Prosperous and Happy New Year. It is in eager anticipation that we undertake the problems of the future, and with your support we will accomplish noteworthy results.

TRANSVAAL DISTRICT.

District President: Morris Pratt Woolley.

Meetings held at 395, Commissioner Street, Sundays at 10 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Springs Hall, 19, Second Avenue, Geduld: Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8.00 p.m.; and Sundays at 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

Liahona Branch, 20, Petunia St., Rosettenville: Sundays at 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

Waterval Branch, c/o J. P. Brummer, Waterval Estate: Sundays at 10.30 a.m. and 6.00 p.m.

Boksburg Branch, 29, Moore Avenue: Sundays at 7.30 p.m.

All members of the Transvaal District have been greatly encouraged and inspired by the visit of our Mission President and his good wife. President and Sister Backman spent two weeks visiting the Saints in the Transvaal during which many special meetings were held in their honour. The outlook for the coming year is vrey promising. It has been a successful year and we optimistically view the future, knowing that it holds many a success for us. They say the father of success is work. Let us get acquainted with him.

The Auxiliary organizations of the District have closed down for the summer months. The officers are spending their time in planning new programmes and

schemes to improve attendance, and to make the meetings more interesting. All auxiliaries open again in February of 1936. Watch for the date.

Blessings given last month were: Clarence Wendell was blessed by his father, Brother Norman G. Muir, on the 8th of December, at the Liahona Branch Sunday meeting. William Wilford Davey, Jr., was blessed by Elder W. O. Taysom at his home on the 27th day of November. Elder Morris Pratt Woolley blessed Richard Bradfield Jubber, 17th November. Margaret Georgina Jubber received a blessing, 20th November, by Elder W. O. Taysom.

Brother George Texas Washborn Smith was baptized by Elder M. P. Woolley at "Ramah" on the 12th of November. He was confirmed on the same date by Elder W. O. Taysom.

Sister Edith P. Backman held a special Relief Society meeting at "Ramah" on the afternoon of 13th November. A large crowd of sisters attended and expressed their desires to further the work in this branch. A week later the Society was organized with Sister Brebner as President, Sister Hubert as First Counsellor, and Sister W. H. Brummer as Secretary. With this combination we can expect great things from this group.

A delightful Primary Social was held at "Ramah" on the warm afternoon of 16th November. Sister van Rooyan and Sister Brebner gave the kiddies a real party and even the bigger kiddies like the Elders and President and Sister Backman enjoyed themselves.

Sister van Rooyan, the Transvaal District Primary Supervisor, left by train with her two children on 30th November. She is joining Brother van Rooyan, who is working in Newcastle, Natal. We all look forward to their return to the Golden City.

Springs News.

President and Sister Backman with Elders Woolley and Taysom visited the Springs Sunday School on 17th November. Very interesting talks were given by President and wife and the members departed from the service with a greater knowledge of the Gospel. Many of the members were visited during the short stay.

On Wednesday, 20th November, a very entertaining Primary Concert was held

under the direction of Sister Olive Futter. The children performed wonderfully well. After the concert the crowd played games and enjoyed themselves.

Elder M. P. Woolley and Brother John Wilson visited Springs, Sunday, 8th December, and spoke at the evening service.

Elder Ross D. Benson has taken Elder Lincoln Daynes' place at Springs and Elder Daynes has been transferred to Johannesburg.

Pretoria News.

President and Sister Backman, Elder Woolley and Sister Margaret Park visited the homes of the Pretoria members on 14th November. After a tasty lunch at Sister Lane's they returned to Johannesburg.

On 24th November, Elders Millburn and Benson visited Pretoria. A very nice meeting was held with the members. Sisters Hilda and Olga Hubert, who were visiting in Pretoria, were in attendance.

Waterval News.

A meeting of members on the evening of 14th November, gave President and Sister Backman another opportunity to testify of their convictions regarding the Gospel. The service was almost inspirational.

With Sister Hancock and Gerrity playing the role of promoters, a pleasing meeting was held at the home of Brother and Sister Hancock, honouring President and his wife. Many of their friends were invited and there had the opportunity of hearing the Gospel.

Sister Botha, of the Liahona Branch, has been ill and by the grace of God is now recovering.

On 17th November, President and Sister Backman were the main speakers at a meeting held in Brother Charles Schubach's home. A fine spirit was felt and all enjoyed the interesting talks.

A birthday party in honour of Jean Spear was well attended on the 23rd of November. Everyone had a most enjoyable time.

A correction in the Liahona News for November: In reporting the social held at the home of Brother and Sister Schubach on the 26th of October, the item should have read: "The high light of the month was a very nice social held at the home of Brother and Sister Schubach, on the 26th of October, under the super-

vision of the Sunday School. An auction was held at which money was raised for the Sunday School Christmas party."

DURBAN, NATAL DISTRICT.

Elder John W. Bailey, District President.
Elder H. J. Trestrail, Branch President.

Meetings held at Perla Siedle Studio. Buchanan Building, West and Russel Streets. Sunday School, 10.30 a.m. Evening Service, 7 p.m.

Yes, another six months has rolled by. How can we tell, because President Le Grand P. Backman has again been with us. But that is only half the story, for Sister Backman has also visited Durban, and imparted of her sweet spirit to all.

Sister Margaret Park accompanied them in the interest of the M.I.A. work.

District conference was held on 24th November. A programme by the Sunday School and Primary was featured in the morning session.

In an afternoon meeting of the Priesthood, President Backman outlined the Priesthood activities within the branch.

The evening session proved a real "Feast." A vocal number rendered by Mr. Gilbert Metcalf was greatly appreciated. All present were inspired by the messages of President and Sister Backman as to the truthfulness of the Gospel and the necessity of living it. May we realize their lives as examples of true Gospel enjoyment.

The stork has been calling, so we can announce the blessings on conference day of Jacoba Johanna Kukard, Veronica Joyce Kukard, Evelyn Johanna Kukard, Ivan Athol Kukard, Hendrina Dorothea Kukard and Adrian Henry De Goede by President LeGrand P. Backman, Elders John M. Bailey, Robert R. Child, George A. Dunbar, President Backman and Elder John M. Bailey, respectively

Members and friends, with the company of President and Sister Backman enjoyed a social evening on 27th November, the eve of their departure for Bloemfontein and Kimberley.

Durban branch is sorry to report the passing of Brother Cornelius Andrew Smith, Sr., of Briardene, on 29th October. Brother Smith entered the Addington Hospital for surgical treatment, but was unable to rally after so long an illness. Interment services were held at Red Hill Cemetery on 30th October. Elder John M. Bailey conducted and Elder Robert R. Child offered the dedicatory prayer.

The honours and powers of the Melchizedek priesthood were conferred upon Brothers Arthur Fagan, John Moore and Richard G. May in the Sunday evening service of 1st December. They were ordained elders respectively by Elders Robert R. Child, John M. Bailey and Henry J. Trestrail. We wish to congratulate them and may this advancement prove as a blessing to them.

The stirring drama of the Mormon pioneers in building up the Western American civilization has been presented to many Durbanites by means of the lantern lectures shown in homes of members and friends.

Sister Dunbar is holidaying in East London. May she enjoy her old acquaintances. Brother Dunbar is away as well, but not holidaying. He is working in Bloemfontein.

The Durban branch presidency has been reorganized. Brother Henry J. Trestrail now has as First Counsellor, Brother John Moore, and Brother Richard G. May as Second Counsellor. The position of Branch Clerk has been accepted by Brother Arthur Fagan. We will see success in Durban under the direction of these brethren.

Dingaan's Day, Albert Park, Sister Sweeney and Primary children all indicate a jolly time. That is what we all had. With plenty of eats, fun and prizes, the password is more, more picnics.

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